

LOOK UP

A SMALL boy in East London is charging a penny a look at his white mice to help the Red Cross. It is worth a fortune to look at the fine and wonderful—and how wonderful are mice to the average boy. All the wonder of his small world is there.

What would we not all give for a look at the glory of ancient Athens; for a peep at Michael Angelo's workshop; for a glimpse at Francis Drake on Plymouth Hoe, or Wellington at Waterloo? Who would not look in on Handel composing the Messiah, or Beethoven putting on paper the glorious music of his Ninth Symphony? These are the moments not only to look in but to look up. Moments of inspiration come from a look. The look of the rolling Downs from the weald of Sussex; the look of Dover Cliffs from the Channel sea; the glory of dawn breaking down the Mediterranean. The look captures the wonder of a lifetime. It implants for ever in the mind what the eye sees. In a flash the colour and majestic form of the mountain is laid open to the eye, and then is given to the man with the seeing eye his fill of wonder and delight.

A Source of Vision and Purpose

It is the upward look which on his long march has given man vision and purpose. The psalmist called his people to look up:

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.*

All great works of man and nature give the same call to look up. No climber among mountains is satisfied in his heart until he attains the topmost heights. The upward look embedded in the soul of man is there revealed.

FROM a crowded street the finest sight is not the spate of traffic or the bright windows of merchandise but the canopy of flying clouds and blue sky. From the street it may be only a lane of sky we see, but that sight is a proud possession for the day.

Look up for vision! It is the sight of mountains from the valley which offers the noblest view of them. From the summit much may be seen but never the noble, dignified shape of the hill itself. Look up, too, for the vision of new and better days ahead. No new bold plan ever came into the life of man except by those who had cultivated the upward look. The great book of Revelation which describes the "new heaven and the new earth" was written by one who knew the worth of the upward look. He saw something of the amazing wonder of the eternal plans of God from his capacity to see a vision in a look!

The Voice From Heaven

I saw, and behold, a door opened in heaven, and the first voice which I heard, a voice as of a trumpet speaking with me, one saying, Come up hither, and I will show thee the things which must come to pass hereafter.

Visions do not come in ordinary life without the upward look. That is the birthplace of inspiration and insight. Such moments come often without warning. They sweep into the field of vision and unless the eye and heart are ready they sweep past and out again into oblivion.

Look up for strength! No army marches with its head down. It is heads up, and

look up! In that way a spirit of strength and discipline is instilled into the whole army. It is in that spirit that the British people must approach a critical period in their destiny. The long years of war have taken their toll and a certain weariness may easily creep in. These winter days are an added burden to men and women carrying sorrow and pain. Now is the time for the upward look, however dark the sky.

Our Inner Strength

In moments of crisis strength comes to men who look fearlessly at the storm and take risks while the odds seem great. We weathered the storm of 1940 because a new accession of inner strength came to us in that hour. We looked beyond that storm to the undying truths for which we were contending and knew that they, at any rate, could never be finally defeated. It was the upward look in action. If we had looked down then, or stopped to decide who was at fault, the new strength would have been lost.

STRENGTH for a nation comes when its people cultivate the upward look. Therein lies the great asset of a people trained in the Christian religion. Man by himself is not enough. He needs vision and strength for his inner life and for his life in action. The fact of God comes to him with a certainty that there is another power which he has not seen but in which he believes. He believes that He is there in the storm. That is the essential faith of the upward look. It is an act of faith to believe in days of doubt and darkness, and the strength which comes from the upward look is the reward of faith.

Look up for direction! The stars have ever been the guide of mariner and wayfarer, and in the great cities the blackout has brought the stars nearer to all men. They can be seen as lamps through the darkness, and there are no lights on earth competing with their glory.

They speak of the sure purposes and direction of God, which change not. A sight of them on a brilliant night in the rush of life is enough to speak finally to any man that the Higher Power is there living, understanding, and directing.

God's Directing Power

The present chaos of war, famine, and disease are enough to challenge faith in the directing power of God. But all the immense range of human life is in His directing power. That is the belief which the Christian religion has proclaimed for two thousand years. Look up, it says, and see whether the belief is true. Test it in counsel; test it in guidance; find out whether the upward look is the right direction, or whether life ought weakly to be consigned to the gloom and defeat of the depths.

HERE lies the everyday challenge. Look up! Remember God builds life on so grand a scale that man is unable to comprehend its vast pattern. Man only sees fragments, and the pattern is often too rugged and too intricate for him to see it whole. That is why doubts begin to creep in; and that is why we need the upward look, seeking direction from a Higher Power.

Look up, then, for vision, strength, and direction. Never were they needed more than now—they must be our guiding stars.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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George and Rose

Wilfred Vatcher, the Dorset shepherd heard as George in a recent broadcast, with his sheepdog Rose.

A HOLIDAY FOR WHALES

WAR, embracing every ocean, so closely engages the energies of men that sea animals are enjoying a "close season," a time in which they are free from human pursuit; whales in particular have been granted this respite.

There are no ships to go whaling in the Arctic or in the far South, and although four or five years are too few to restore the depleted stocks of these giants of the deep, the period is one favourable to restocking the waters with baby whales, which will long be too small to make hunting of them profitable.

The whale has, of course, been

long threatened with extinction. The Dutch, in their greatest seafaring days, caught nearly 60,000 in the course of a century, while during 40 years of last century American whale-hunters destroyed 300,000, with £65,000,000 as their return from the sale of whalebone and oil.

It was in the Bay of Biscay that this long chase began for living monsters of the deep, and so persistent were the Biscayans that they completely exterminated these vast creatures in the great bay. Since then steam, the oil engine, and the shot-harpoon have intensified the danger to the whale everywhere.

A Gallant Doctor

THE war has brought us many stirring tales of heroism, and there are few more moving than the simple account of service rendered by a Yorkshire doctor in a Nazi prison camp.

Everyone in Stalag 8B knows and loves Dr R. F. Kaye Webster, whose home is at Hawes, a lonely spot among the hills of England's biggest shire. We learn from a repatriated prisoner that some time ago typhus broke out among the prisoners. The guards were so scared that they did no more than push food into the camp and then run off, but Dr Webster carried on magnificently. He attended every sick prisoner,

He wandered among them. He laughed with them and joked. He said they had come through the ordeals of France and were not going to be beaten by fever. Night and day he toiled, and he seemed fearless. There is no doubt that the small death rate would have become a very big one had it not been for the ministrations of this brave and skilled Yorkshireman who not only healed the body but restored faith.

When the time came for some of the men to leave the camp every man there wished to see Dr Webster set free, but he remains to go on with his work.

KING OF POLAND FOR A DAY

Now that the Soviet armies are advancing into Poland, freedom from the Nazis is dawning for that unfortunate land. True, there are unsolved frontier difficulties, but with patience and wisdom on all sides these should be settled in time, and the Polish people given their happiness once more.

Poland has been great, and will be great again.

She was an enlightened country when most of the rest of Europe was steeped in barbarism and ignorance. She extended religious tolerance in a time of religious persecution everywhere else, and gave refuge to hundreds of thousands of Jews fleeing from tormentors in medieval Germany. She has not, perhaps, been so tolerant to her large Jewish population in recent years, but the Jews of Poland still remember the better days of old.

Indeed, they have a strange legend of a Rabbi who became King of Poland for a day and a night in the 15th century. How much truth there is in the story it is difficult to say, but the Jews have repeated the tale of Saul Wahl for generations. He was not only a man of learning and the highest character, but of remarkable influence in Poland, where he was living at a time when it became necessary to elect a new king.

Elected by the Nobles

Now the crown of Poland was not hereditary, every King being elected by the nobles, each of whom had the right to be elected King. On this occasion one distinguished nobleman was almost chosen; that is to say, his fellow-nobles decided that they wanted him, but thought they would like to "sleep on it" in case they preferred a second or third choice. They were unwilling to accept the suggestion of the most-favoured candidate that if they elected him for the moment, and changed their minds next morning, he would at once resign. They could not trust his word on the matter, and, indeed, not one of them was willing to trust any of the others. Once elected King, they said, why should any of

them "abdicate," with the dawn? What was to be done? Poland could not go kingless, even for one night. Whom could they trust? Suddenly someone made a new suggestion: what of the Rabbi, Saul Wahl? Everyone trusted him. Yes, it was true: everyone did trust Rabbi Saul. So much so that a deputation of the nobles approached him at once. Would he be King for a day and a night until they could make up their minds? Saul Wahl smiled; a Rabbi as a King? Yes, they said; but he must abdicate next day. The Rabbi smiled again, and agreed. So he was made King of Poland, and next day the real king was elected, and the Rabbi abdicated with the greatest good humour.

A King Among Men

Saul Wahl left Poland later on and went to Italy, where his learning made him friends everywhere. He had many descendants who settled in other lands, in Germany, in France, and eventually in England. Some Anglo-Jewish families today still treasure the legend of their rabbi-ancestor who was King of Poland for a day and a night five hundred years ago. Like Rabbi Saul, they may smile as they think of it. But Saul was a king among men, by all accounts, and the legend does equal credit to him and to the proud noblemen who gave their trust to a stranger of another race and faith when they would not trust each other.

Let us hope that in the brighter future Poland will play in Europe the great part to which her history entitles her. Let us hope also that she will remember the story of the Rabbi who was "king for a day," and in her dealings with her Jewish citizens, who have suffered so appallingly from the Nazi horrors, give them a full share in her own happiness.

STIRLING IDEA

The first of a chain of Youth Houses, to which young folk of all ages and organisations can go, was opened a week before Christmas at Stirling. It belongs for ever to the youth organisations in the town, and here Guides, Scouts, Boys Brigades, youth clubs, sports clubs, and church clubs will meet and exchange views. Local churches have helped to make this possible and the House is the first of many which the joint Church organisation hopes to open in every big Scottish centre.

The lack of suitable halls has been, for many youth clubs, the problem which prevented regular meetings and regular interchange of sporting and educational activities. Just as the Youth Hostels have opened up the lovely British countryside and given young and old resting places on their travels, so will these new Youth Houses help to give city boys and girls a place to which they can go at any time, knowing that they will find enjoyment in a place which is their own property and not just lent them for an hour.

A Rise For Doctors

Doctors who work under the National Insurance Act are paid so much per annum for every insured person who chooses him as his doctor.

A new settlement has now been made between the Ministry of Health and the British Medical Association by which the doctors are to receive an increase of 9d, which raises this yearly fee to 10s 6d. There is to be a corresponding increase of the mileage grant paid in rural areas. The increases have been accepted on the assurance that the whole question will be reopened after the war.

THINGS SEEN

A kestrel pouncing on to a sparrow on the grass in Lincoln's Inn Fields and then flying with its prey towards the Law Courts.

A kitten and a cockerel sitting close together on a perch at Maidstone.

A fox looking through a kitchen window in the City of York.

Little News Reels

IN 1943 the United States produced 85,946 military aircraft of all types, almost double the number produced in 1942.

Planes of the India-China wing of the U.S. Air Transport Command, flying over the Himalayas, are now carrying more military supplies into China than went by the Burma Road.

Allied airfields in Great Britain occupy over 250,000 acres.

When N.F.S. men cleaned out a 113,000-gallon emergency tank at Scunthorpe they found in it over 23 tons of rubbish and soil.

The G.P.O. has saved 40 million envelopes by the use of economy labels.

THE Land Army Benevolent Fund has now reached £50,000, one half of its target. The county of Kent alone contributed £5000.

A Partisan tank brigade, using captured German and Italian tanks, is fighting for the first time in Yugoslavia.

Greek quislings co-operating with the Germans have been deprived of their nationality.

Although in two years of war U.S. troops have captured 170,000 Italians and 100,000 Germans, only 377 Japanese prisoners have been taken.

For a fee of 2s 6d, which covers an eight-week course, men and women in Salford are being taught by experts how to repair their own boots and shoes.

Lord Glentoran, Minister of Agriculture for Northern Ireland, has stated that farmers there have produced during the past year the largest harvest in her history, and that the yield per acre on their farms is higher than in any country in the world.

THE War Office, by providing a central pool for clothing, have made it possible for every A.T.S. girl to borrow a wedding dress free of charge on the occasion of her marriage.

Australia, great producer and consumer of meat, is to ration domestic supplies of butcher's meat. The ration varies from 1½ lbs to 4 lbs weekly, according to the type of meat.

Youth News Reel

POLICING the local museum, which was constantly being wilfully damaged, is the latest good turn of Rochester Scouts.

£16 was raised for the B.P. Memorial Fund as the result of a fête held by the 8th Oxford (Highfield) Air Scout Troop.

Scouts from Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Poland, and Britain attended an International Conference of Patrol Leaders recently held at a Scottish camping ground.

THE Guide Gilt Cross for Life-Saving has been awarded to 11-year-old Margaret Humphreys of the 2nd Crouch Hill Company, Middlesex, who, though unable to swim, rescued her seven-year-old sister from drowning in the Thames.

Bernard Reilly, a 16-year-old Sea Cadet of Skegness, has qualified as a signaller in the lifeboat; he has already been out on service.

By making and selling soft toys members of the 4th Stratford Company Girls' Life Brigade, raised £12, which they sent as a Christmas gift to the Merchant Navy Comforts Fund.

By the summer 100 gliding schools and 500 gliders will be available for A.T.C. instruction.

THE AIR AGE LEAPS AHEAD

ONE of the war's big secrets has been revealed with the announcement of the jet-propelled aeroplane.

Group-Captain Frank Whittle's new power unit, which drives an aeroplane at great speed and to a great height without using an aircrew, has won for the United Nations a race which has been taking place for years among the scientists of many lands.

Details of the new engine have not been published, but roughly the principle of jet-propulsion is that air is drawn into ducts in the front of the aeroplane and is mixed with a liquid fuel. This mixture is then compressed by mechanical means and is fired in a combustion chamber. The gases thus produced are forced out at high speed through nozzles at the rear of the aeroplane. The terrific pressure exerted by these gases drives the aeroplane forward, much in the way that a rocket is forced into the air.

Group-Captain Whittle was a 21-year-old cadet at Cranwell when he first became interested in the idea of jet-propulsion, and he took out his first patents in 1930. After early disappointments a company, Power Jets Ltd, was formed, and eventually, with Government encouragement, the first flight was made in a Gloster plane embodying Whittle's invention in 1941.

Further experiments have been carried out with the new power unit in the United States and in this country, and it is now to go into production for a new type of fighter aircraft.

The R.A.F.'s new "squirt plane," as it has already been named by

schoolboys, has many advantages over other types. For instance, instead of high-octane petrol, safe and cheap fuels can be used, such as paraffin or Diesel oil. Again, the power produced in the engine is used directly instead of being transmitted through various moving parts to a propeller, with a consequent loss of power before the real work is done. Also, having no propeller the plane has no need for a tall, cumbersome undercarriage which must be tucked away during flight.

For some time past people in certain parts of the country have been mystified by a high-pitched whistling sound coming from the sky, and occasionally a glimpse has been caught of an object in a great hurry. The jet-propelled plane is the explanation.

The evolution of a successful new means of propulsion is the biggest step forward in the story of flight since the Wright Brothers made the first aeroplane to carry men into the sky. It heralds the day of vast liners hurtling into the sub-stratosphere or even beyond, and there, travelling at colossal speed, crews and passengers comfortably ensconced within a hermetically sealed fuselage.

Lend-Lease After the War

IN his latest report on Lend-Lease operations President Roosevelt has not only given some amazing figures on what has already been accomplished, but has also commented wisely on the extension of the idea after the war.

The report shows that, so far, the total Lend-Lease expenditure amounts to over £4652,000,000. Of the goods represented by this enormous sum, more than a quarter was sent to Russia, while £1495,000,000 worth were sent to the United Kingdom. This amounted to £33 per head for Britain.

The President deals in particular with the post-war outlook for airfields in all parts of the world, both for strategic and commercial purposes, and of the future of oil rights. He thinks that the "final and complete answer in this matter can be found only through continuous and successful collaboration of

the United Nations in post-war international commerce, and the development of a system of general military security in which the interests of the United States and other United Nations are fully protected.

"Some nations will have insufficient oil reserves to meet their petroleum requirements; others will have surpluses. Agreed action by the nations of the world, as provided for in master Lend-Lease Agreements for expansion of production, elimination of discriminatory treatment in commerce, and reduction of trade barriers, will assure the United States and other nations of fair and equal access to petroleum produced in all parts of the world."

It will be recalled that the Atlantic Charter drawn up by our Prime Minister and the President of the United States spoke of economic opportunities for all nations, victors and vanquished.

THE GROUPING OF COALMINES

THE technical direction of the coal industry is, of course, not everywhere equally efficient, or at the highest obtainable level, so it is good news that a scheme to remedy this has been accepted by both mine owners and mine workers. The object of this scheme is to spread the greatest ability of direction over the largest possible area, and the Minister of Fuel and Power, Major Lloyd George, is to group the coalmines in a suitable way and appoint mining engineers of acknowledged ability to work them as State servants.

The scheme will not change the ownership or financial con-

trol or the responsibility of managers for mine safety. The intention is to strengthen managerial and technical efficiency. The State head of each group is to be known as a Group Production Director, who will report to the Regional Controller. The miners have accepted the proposals in principle.

This grouping proposal has nothing whatever to do with the nationalisation of the mines, although, of course, any efficient change in organisation must increasingly fit the industry for complete reorganisation, in the form our representatives in Parliament finally determine.

A Winter of 41 Weeks

As the day lengthens so the cold strengthens, says the true and ancient adage. There is consolation for us, however, in the fact that each day we get a little more light, an appreciable fraction deducted from the murk of the blackout and that spring will soon be within hail.

No season has stirred the poets to more rapturous song than that happy time. Yet to multitudes of people in England the name of spring once had no appeal. It is a fact that until the 18th century was well advanced spring, as term and season, had little meaning for the agricultural workers of our land.

Giant of the Skyways

The skyways of Peace will benefit from the great strides made in aircraft design during the war.

Already America has produced some giant transport planes; and now Mr F. G. Miles, the British aircraft designer, has submitted to the Ministry of Aircraft Production plans for an eight-engined air liner with a range of 3450 miles and a top speed of 425 miles an hour. The plane will have a wing span of 150 feet and will be 110 feet long. It will carry 50 passengers and a crew of five, and its loaded weight will be 130,000 lbs, the pay-load being 16,430 lbs. It will be of all-metal construction, and its eight Rolls-Royce engines, arranged in pairs, will give an estimated output of 14,000 horse power.

CENTENARIAN'S SIGHT RESTORED

A remarkable case of a centenarian's sight being restored is recorded in New Zealand.

After being blind for four years, Mr W. A. Weekes of Palmerston North, who is 102, recently found that he was able to recognise members of his family. Mr Weekes had suddenly been stricken blind while returning to his home from the city four years ago, and that condition continued until the other day, when, to his daughter's amazement, he said he could see again.

AMBASSADOR OF FRIENDSHIP

The other day at a great assembly in California the proceedings were suddenly interrupted. A quiet young spectator, in the uniform of the R.A.F., was forced to his feet and persuaded, much against his will, to make a speech.

It was a first-class speech, simple, modest, but enthralling. But had it been a poor speech, the applause would still have rocked the air. For the name of the speaker was disclosed as Gibson, the daring young pilot who led his flight to the destruction of the Mohné Dam, and won the V.C. for his gallantry.

How those generous-hearted American workers cheered him! What an ambassador of goodwill he made! No professional diplomat could ever have produced one-tenth of the fine impression made by this quiet hero. The Americans were glad to see him, glad to hear him, glad to know him. He was just what so many of them hoped their own boys might be when they got their wings.

Neither had autumn. They had summer and winter—that is all.

Their summer lasted only about 11 weeks, their winter 41 weeks. This curiosity did not arise from humour or surly cynicism. It resulted from the fact that during the 11 weeks that covered the harvest season the labourers received wages nearly two-thirds in excess of the pay they received when harvest was over. The non-harvesting period was the dismal 41 weeks when wages were so much lower than in the time of garnering. And those many weary weeks they all called winter, whereas the 11 weeks of financial plenty were summer.

TOMORROW'S RADIO

The war has advanced radio research by fully ten years, in the opinion of David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America.

He prophesies that radio instruments of the future will combine television with sound reception and a radio gramophone, and will be able to broadcast. He also thinks it likely that receivers and even transmitters may be built into a little case that can be slipped into the pocket, if the domestic law permits the provision of transmitting sets.

The heating of homes by radio-thermics and a radio device to prevent car collisions are other developments mentioned by Mr Sarnoff.

IN A GLASS CASE

From Birmingham comes news that at the Children's Hospital in Ladywell Road great success is attending the isolation and protection of babies in glass containers.

Nobody is allowed near the baby except the doctor, the special nurse in charge, and the mother, and on entering the glass room they must rigidly obey the rules. They have to put on special masks and gowns and to sterilise their hands so that nothing likely to convey infection touches the baby.

Each child is furnished with its own equipment and clothes, and in fact everything is done to prevent insidious germs from being brought to the babies. The certain result of such treatment is the saving of precious lives which would otherwise be lost.



Well Cleared, Sir!

All in a Day's Work

Paris enjoyed itself the other Sunday afternoon when four Typhoons of the R.A.F. out "looking for trouble," suddenly appeared among some Nazi training planes and chased them round and round the Eiffel Tower. As the saying goes, a good time was had by all—except the German pilots.

O H M S

On December 30 last the L.M.S. railway ran its 100,000th special O.H.M.S. train.

This great total includes 52,603 troop trains, 25,288 stores trains, 6,799 trains carrying ammunition, and 15,310 petrol trains.

All this movement represents the transport of 15 million personnel, one million wagons of freight and nearly half a million tanks of petrol. The mileage involved is 10,841,105.

LONDON'S RAT HUNT

So thorough was the concerted onslaught by the Ministry of Food, the L.C.C. and local authorities upon the sewer rats of London, that it is estimated that probably a million rats were killed a few weeks ago in a great attack in their 3000 miles of sewer front. Sixty tons of poison bait were used, and the poison was laid by 300 gangs of three men each.

This is the biggest rat hunt that has ever taken place in the brown rat's chief stronghold. It means the saving of an enormous amount of food annually, but of course the hunt has to go on.

Scotland's Little Schools

PERCHED on lonely hillsides all over the Highlands and Islands of Scotland are little schools where the children of shepherds should have equal opportunity of becoming as well educated as those attending city High Schools.

Frequently one family of four or five children is the sole reason for the school being maintained, but classes may sometimes rise to as many as ten or fifteen children. All have to walk many miles to the school over mountain path and by sheep tracks, and when snow blocks the hills there may be no school for weeks.

Now the Argyll authorities are planning for these children a

boarding school on modern lines, where the children would be given the usual school subjects, some of which are limited by the hill conditions. Instead of having many teachers working alone with a few children each, the County plans to have a central school, perhaps an old mansion house or castle, where the children will live during term time, returning to their hill homes for the usual vacations.

One reason for this decision has been the great difficulty in getting teachers who would accept the lonely conditions of hill life when more attractive work was to be had in bigger and less isolated centres.

THE CINEMA UPSTAIRS

A cinema with a history of 34 years is quite a patriarch in the film world.

Such a theatre has just ended its career, the Palace Cinema in the New Road, Woolwich. Originally a coffee tavern, it was the only cinema theatre in London which was situated in the upstairs part of a building, and no others like it will be built until the L.C.C. changes its regulations. Every week throughout its life the "Woolwich Infant" showed an instalment of a serial film, just one link with its "pre-talkie" past. Chaplin was its great attraction in the first years of George V, and it finished its career with a Chaplin film of the old days.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

The keenness of British youths to enter the Merchant Navy shows no signs of falling off, according to the latest report of the Gravesend Sea School. The school has a waiting list which has never dropped below 800.

The management committee have been greatly impressed by the way in which the training has been carried out in wartime conditions; and it is hoped that developments in progress will enable many more boys to be trained in the coming year. Thus the waiting list should be rapidly reduced and the school fitted to receive more applications from suitable candidates from 16½ to 17½ years of age. In the 12 months up to September last 1155 boys were trained, and still the good work goes on.

Successor to Montgomery

The appointment of Lieutenant-General Sir Oliver Lese as commander of the Eighth Army is a popular one, for this 49-year-old Coldstream Guards officer has served with the 8th since El Alamein in command of the 30th Corps.

In the last war Sir Oliver was sent to France only six weeks after leaving Eton. He was wounded three times and awarded the D.S.O.

In 1939, when the B.E.F. went to France under Lord Gort, Sir Oliver was Deputy Chief of the General Staff, and after the great collapse he reorganised many of the Guards regiments as armoured units.

In 1942 he was picked by Monty himself to command the 30th Corps, and has fought from Alamein through Libya, Tunis, Sicily, and into Italy. It is said that he has never made a mistake, and General Montgomery has stated, "I could want to hand over to no better man."

COW MOTHERS LAMB

There are many instances of curious friendships between animals.

One particularly strange sight was witnessed recently on a farm in the South Island of New Zealand, where a very motherly cow was engaged in rearing a young lamb. Apparently the lamb during docking operations became separated from its kind, and finding itself stranded at the back of the farm, scraped acquaintance with the cow and her newly-arrived calf.

HOME-GROWN BAMBOOS

Before the war we imported from the Far East many millions of bamboo canes, ranging from the slender stakes used by gardeners to the long, stout poles needed for the adjustment of bus-trolleys.

Very few bamboos come from abroad now, but it is interesting to note that the canes can be grown in Britain, and a new industry has come into being. Of course, the very biggest bamboos only grow in tropical countries, but there are dozens of the smaller kinds which are perfectly hardy in the greater part of Britain except in very exposed situations. In the very mild climate of Devon and Cornwall even some of the more tender and thicker species of bamboo grow freely.

Bamboos are prolific growers, and on a quarter of an acre of ground which is sheltered from strong winds a million or more canes might be cut each year.



A study in expressions at a Youth Conference in Westminster

The EDITOR'S TABLE

THE VICTOR AND HIS BOYS

OUR modern Cromwell has come home to lead the British group of Armies in their assault on Hitler's Fortress.

Before he left his wonderful Eighth Army Montgomery addressed a representative gathering in a small opera house in Italy, when the reason for their long chain of successes was plain to see. Here was a friend in whom every man had the utmost confidence; here was a great leader who had complete confidence in every man.

This feeling was expressed simply as General Montgomery left the theatre. "Good old Monty," shouted a private. "Cheerio, boys," replied the general.

Just Round the Corner

A SAFE playground just round the corner for every child in Leeds—that is one of the post-war plans recently discussed by the City Improvement Committee. The aim is half-acre playgrounds spaced half-a-mile apart, at the most, throughout residential areas.

We are quite sure that go-ahead Leeds will see that it gets what the Committee want, and the children need. It is an idea we should like to see copied.

1944

WHAT a wonderful number 1944 is—as amenable to treatment as the previous number (1943) is stubborn. When resolved into its factors it reads: $2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 3 \times 3 \times 3 \times 3$; and it is also the product of three squared and six cubed.

But 1943 shows no such readiness to break up into simple figures, being the product of the two formidable primes, 29 and 67.

The C N is confident that 1944 will be a remarkable year in every way.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not time we made up our minds that shirkers during a war are like deserters from the Army?

The Vegetable Garden

WHAT is the smallest piece of land upon which a family can support itself in vegetables?

The usual wartime allotment is ten rods, and this is the size which has been suggested. We wonder how many families in our country can boast of a garden or allotment as big. It is a matter which should be borne in mind by those who desire to plan the Britain of the future.

Millions among us have discovered through the war the delight of eating fresh home-grown vegetables; and we hope this benefit will soon be shared by many millions more.

BEATRIX POTTER

THESE are sad days among the quaint little folk who have given so much enjoyment to our little people during this century.

Peter Rabbit and his nieces and nephews the Flopsy Bunnies, Tabitha Twitchit and Moppet and Mittens and Tom Kitten, Thomasina Tittlemouse, Samuel Whiskers, Jemima Puddleduck, the frog called Jeremy Fisher and his friend Mr Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise—these and many other amusing folk have lost their first friend.

Beatrix Potter, who died just before the old year went out, created these delightful little characters who have made hosts of friends everywhere.

Peter Rabbit, known to Welsh children also as Pwta Wningen, has as firm a place in the hearts of all children as has Brer Rabbit of Uncle Remus; and Peter and his companions have given Beatrix Potter a lasting place in the ever-young realms of Nurseryland.

Know Yourself

PROFESSOR B. A. FLETCHER, head of the Bristol University Education Department, said at a conference the other day that botany used to be taught in girls' schools in preference to biology because it was thought to be more "ladylike."

Happily, these are more enlightened days, and it is good to know that education no longer shrinks from teaching the young about their own bodies.

For Things Well Done

ONE of the happiest aspects of the New Year Honours List was the rewarding of ordinary folk who have discharged with faithfulness and heroism their duty in dangerous jobs and in the healing services.

Over 900 people were honoured with the O B E, the M B E, and the British Empire Medal, and many of them are typical of those who unflinchingly pursue their tasks in the humbler walks of life, and in whom is vested the essential strength of the nation. Among the women honoured are an assembler of bombsights, a charge woman in a shell shop, a capstan operator, and an arsenal overlooker.

Two foster-mothers of evacuee children receive the British Empire Medal—Mrs Helen Rayner Morgan of Tenby, and Mrs Grace White of Crowcombe in Somerset, who, having no children of her own, has cared for 16 evacuees since the war began.

We are not wrong, perhaps, in thinking of these last honours as tokens of Government recognition of all the mothers of this country, and we can think of none who deserve a medal more.

LOST RHAPSODY

A YELLOW fog of gloom, oozing from the battered heart of Berlin, and spreading all over Germany, has crossed the frontiers of Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary, where it is all the more potent because their peoples are not sure of their Nazi faith. In Hungary this gloom, born of fear, has shown itself in a strange manner, the Government of Hungary having decreed that there shall be no more dancing.

Dancing is not the monopoly of any one country, it is shared by all races; but it is the prerogative of happy people. That Hungary should forbid dancing is passing strange, for it is her great national pastime, just as cricket and football are ours, while her gay music and folk-songs are famous the world over.

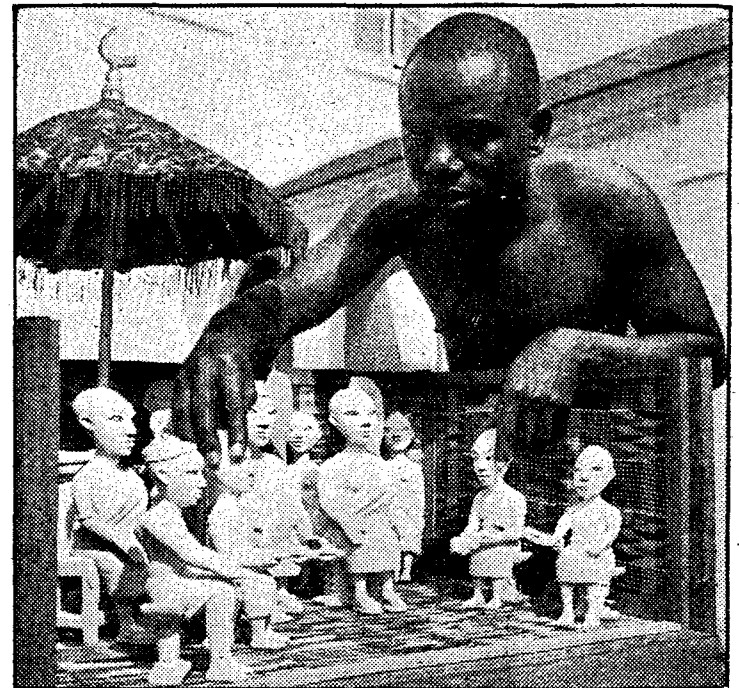
The world would be a dreary place indeed without music, for it is one of the most beautiful gifts of God. And dancing is an expression of music.

The latest order of Nazi Hungary will certainly not help morale, but only increase the dread gloom.

A Happy Idea

THE British Restaurants of Preston are to provide wedding breakfasts at 1s 9d a head, if arrangements cannot be made elsewhere in the district. Once again Proud Preston leads, and it seems a happy idea. After all, British Restaurants are there to encourage communal meals, so why not use them for the most blissful communal meal of all?

And why not a wedding cake with the good wishes of the Mayor and Corporation?



A Gift For The President

A West African wood carver with a group of figures which has been sent to President Roosevelt by Lord Swinton as a memento of their meeting in British West Africa after the Casablanca Conference.

PARTNERS FOR 30 YEARS

WHEN the motor-tractor invaded the fields, men said that the death knell of the horse had finally sounded. But still the noble horse lives on, still, as always, he is man's tried and trusty servant! His ancestry goes back to early ages, but neither the passage of time nor the march of human progress has dethroned him.

True, horses are not so plentiful as they were, but all over the country, especially in rural districts, great animals are hard at work helping us to win the war and showing how indispensable they really are.

On a farm near Callington, in Cornwall, two horses figure in one of the happiest and most useful farm partnerships ever. It all began when the farmer, Mr W. H. Arnold, bought a foal called Jessie, and started farming. That was 30 years ago. For six years Jessie was the only horse Mr Arnold had. "Maid of all work," she drew the plough, the harvest wain, and took "master and missus" to market. She helped

many neighbouring farmers, too! Then Mr Arnold took a bigger farm, and another partner was brought in to help. That was Pearl, Jessie's own foal.

The partnership goes on... Neighbours describe Jessie and Pearl as a wonderful pair of horses.

"They get on well together," Mr Arnold told a C N correspondent, "and Jessie is particularly fond of children; never works better than when a lad is in charge."

Jessie is given little to do nowadays because she is getting old, but nothing will induce her master to part with her. A gypsy had his eye on her the other day. "How much for the old mare, guv'nor?" he inquired.

The farmer shook his head. Jessie was with him and his wife at the very beginning of their married and farm life, and the ties that bound them all together were strong and intimate. No, not for any money could he break that glad partnership of thirty years!

News From a Zoo

THOUGH food is still a difficult problem it is good to know that many of our zoos still keep going, and Chester is particularly fortunate, for it had a record number of visitors in 1943.

Molly the elephant still ambles round on all weekdays except Friday, which is her day off; and last year she gave over 12,000 joyous rides, so helping to pay for her board and lodging.

Molly is usually cheerful and placid, but sometimes she has her tantrums, and on one occasion, when she got into the room next to her stable everything looked as if it had been in a giant mixing machine. Hay, straw, bran, oats, cleaning utensils, disinfectant, and in fact anything that was not part of the four walls, was a jumbled mass.

In spite of occasional falls from grace, however, Molly is a great favourite; and so are the goats, the monkeys, and the bears, especially the playful Malayan bears. But perhaps the lions are the great attraction at Chester—the lions of the show, so to speak. There are 13 of them at present, including the sunny-tempered Patrick, the bad-tempered and aptly-named Nero, Faith, and her two daughters Coral and Cassandra. Cassandra has four cubs of her own, and, of course, Faith is their grandmother; but whether the cubs know this is very doubtful—and in any case it is unlikely that lions show any great affection for their grandparents.

Still, they are an interesting family to watch, and altogether Chester Zoo is a jolly place.

Under the Editor's Table

AN old lady doesn't believe in coal rationing. Thinks it will all end in smoke.

THE modern child likes to be taken seriously. Especially to the pantomime.

TROUBLE should be taken to avoid family jars. Then what can we put home-made jam in?

SOMEBODY wants to call the stars different names. They wouldn't take any notice, anyway.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a golf ball is a round of golf

A CORRESPONDENT says she sees the Wash from her window. Why doesn't she take it in?

THE animals in the Zoo are counted once a year. And they all count.

A BBC violinist's string broke during a performance. He made it snappy.

A CERTAIN radio singer hardly ever sings the same song twice. Perhaps her doctor ordered a change of air.

BABY DUCKBILL COMES TO TOWN

WAR cannot stay the ordered march of natural processes. Australia, having delighted us all by rediscovering its supposedly extinct pouched mouse, has now broadcast to a world at conflict the fact that animals which are among the supreme marvels of creation have given birth to young in captivity at the animal sanctuary at Healesville, near Melbourne.

The animals, known as the platypus or duckbill, belong to a very rare order, and are living milestones marking the path of progress from the remote past to the present stage of animal development.

Australians call the animal the duck mole. It is a bundle of almost unbelievable paradoxes. It has a flexible, horny-skinned snout, shaped like that of a duck, whence its scientific name, *Ornithorhynchus anatinus*; it has webbed feet like a duck's; it has fine warm fur; it suckles its young as a cat its kittens, yet lays eggs (little larger than those of a sparrow) and hatches them into young duckbills.

This strange mammal has eyes on the top of its head so that it can only see above, not backwards or forwards; it can remain under water for five minutes at a time, sealing up its eyes and ears with a covering flap of skin; it can travel for miles overland, folding the webs on its feet in order to do so; it can fast for several days in succession, but when stirring and active it eats daily half its own weight (it is 15 inches long) of worms, freshwater prawns, and small aquatic insects.

Living at Healesville by a stream into whose banks they

make complicated burrows of forty feet or more, the two duckbills were given nesting material last October and at once carried it into their fastness. Soon afterwards Jill, the female, was absent from view for six days, and it was rightly assumed that, having laid eggs, she was incubating them, as a duck does.

She reappeared, ravenous, and ate so vigorously that it was concluded that she needed extra nourishment for the nursery duties that she was discharging in the secrecy of her home. For over two months she was left undisturbed. Then the curator, digging open part of the burrow, found there a fine fat baby duckbill some nine weeks old.

It was known that young duckbills growl like little dogs; this one barked like a puppy! There may be another, there may even be two or three more youngsters in the burrow, but no further disturbance was ventured at the time. The great fact was there—duckbills had for the first time in history bred in captivity!

Much was already known about these astonishing mammals, these living links with that past in which warm-blooded, fur-clad animals branched off from egg-laying reptiles. Mr Harry Burrell, an Australian naturalist, gave 12 years to unremitting study of these animals, which he kept and watched throughout their lives, but he had no such fortune as the Healesville sanctuary.

Henceforth these threatened rarities should be assured of continued existence. In the wilds, although duckbills are protected by law, they have been secretly harried and slain for the sake of their fur, and were in danger of extinction.

THE NEW BABY

WELCOME, baby Platypus,
Bless your little bill;
A funny world you're born into,
But you are funnier still.

From the egg you made your
bow
In the Healesville Zoo;
And stole war's thunder for
a day,
That's why we welcome you.

New Hope For the Maimed

It is fortunate for many a civilian that so much good work has been already done by the Ministry of Pensions in rehabilitating the Service men who have lost limbs or become disfigured by war injury. Under Dr Langdale-Kelham, the limb surgeon at Roehampton, and his able assistants, thousands of men have been rescued from life-long suffering and disability, and provided with artificial limbs which in many cases restore to their wearers powers that seem miraculous.

Much more than war service work is involved, for our daily list of war injuries on the roads involves many cases of the cruellest character, and what is being done by the Ministry of Pensions for war is passed on for those who have the misfortune to suffer injury in peace. Much suffering will thus be spared to motorists, passengers, and pedestrians.

Dr Langdale-Kelham has made a film which shows how much can be done for cripples, young and old. It is hoped that this film will soon be exhibited in cinemas throughout the country.

Many of the cases shown are wonderful; there is, for example, that of an R.N. petty officer who lost both legs in action. With the aid of artificial limbs he now cycles, drives a car, and walks so easily that no one could suspect that his legs are artificial. We are also shown a man who lost both forearms and one of his legs, shaving himself, brushing and combing his hair, using both knife and fork at the same time, and cheerfully putting on his coat.

So with little children; we see a boy aged six, whose leg, lost in an air raid, has been replaced by an artificial limb, running around the Roehampton gardens, climbing a wall, and running up and down steps; the little fellow is not only doing these things but doing them with enjoyment. The film also shows a child of thirteen whose artificial leg makes possible joyous somersaults on the grass.

No doubt new methods will also greatly improve the lives and spirits of many who have not yet made acquaintance with modern rehabilitation. We hope that happiness will soon be theirs.

CARRY ON

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

Joseph Addison

Sweet Sleep Be With Us

THE sun is down, and time gone by,
The stars are twinkling in the sky,
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out a blithe but stinted day;
The hours have passed with stealthy flight,
We needs must part: Good-Night, Good-Night!

The lady in her curtained bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansmen in the heathered hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!

We part in hope of days as bright
As this gone by: Good-Night,
Good-Night!

Sweet sleep be with us one and all!

And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight:
Gay dreams to all: Good-Night, Good-Night!

Joanna Baillie

EVER FORWARD

A MAN may fall for freedom, but he falls to rise again. We sleep, and the bodies we inhabit pass through changes rich and strange; but we move on with all created things, from step to step, from height to height, from realms we know to realms beyond our dreams, until at last the morning breaks, the full day dawns, and the shadows flee away.

Arthur Mee

Twilight

SORT twilight fills the valley
And mists rise from the stream.
The sere leaves from the gaunt
trees fall,
The turgid waters gleam.
God grant that when the shades
of dusk enfold me
I shall not fear the night,
But, head erect, I may stride
through the darkness
Bravely, as in the light.

Herbert Stoneley

TRUE COURAGE

THE essence of courage is not that your heart should not quake, but that nobody else should know that it does.

E. F. Benson

The Wild, Unbounded Sea

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!

The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide!

When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,

But I loved the great sea more and more,

And backwards flew to her billowy breast.
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born,
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

Barry Cornwall

THE TRUE ARISTOCRACY

MERE democracy cannot solve the social question. An element of aristocracy must be introduced into our life. Of course, I do not mean the aristocracy of birth or of the purse; or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us.

From two groups will that

aristocracy I hope for come to our people—from our women and our workmen. The revolution in the social condition, now preparing in Europe, is chiefly concerned with the future of the workers and the women. In this I place all my hopes and expectations; for this I will work all my life with all my strength.

Henrik Ibsen

Footprints of the Spring

I FOUND the footprints of the Spring
As through the fields I went.
I heard her songs about the woods
Of glory and content,
And saw below a mile of gorse
A lazy moving tide,
And dimpled hollows in the hills
Where little rabbits hide.

I saw like candles of the Spring
The honeysuckle climb,
And heard about some smoky farms
A sleepy church bell chime.
The sway of Peace was on those homes,
And Beauty at their gates.
I thought: Could any man be here
Who quarrels or who hates?

Marjorie Wilson



THIS ENGLAND Disraeli's home, Hughenden Manor, Bucks, which it is hoped will in the near future go into the keeping of the National Trust.

DENMARK'S NIEMOLLER

The Priest Who Would Not Be Silent

ONLY a week or two ago the C N printed an article about a little town in Jutland; it was called Silkeborg is a Sad Place Now. Since then Silkeborg has been made the sadder, for it has been the scene of the foul murder of Kaj Munk, presumably by Danish Nazis, or quislings.

For Kaj Munk, who was only 45, was not only the much-loved priest of Verdersoe, he was also Denmark's leading playwright. But above all he was a Christian gentleman and a patriot, and he had never ceased to oppose the Nazis and all their works.

Long before the Germans invaded Denmark, Munk, like Pastor Niemoller of Germany, was well-known as an implacable foe of Nazism. When the Nazis finally overran his little country Munk did not change, and in the spring of 1942 he published a play about a Danish knight who in the 14th century drove a German army out of Denmark. This clever play was circulated throughout the country by the underground movement, and it was later broadcast by the B B C.

The Nazis denounced Kaj Munk, they banned his books, they forced him to confine his preaching to his own parish. But they could not silence him—save only in one way—and they could not check his influence. He was a Christian soldier, sure in his faith, and as fearless as the ancient martyrs of his church.

This fearlessness was emphasised in the reply he made when the authorities issued a circular to the Danish clergy last year, ordering them not to refer in any way to the struggle of the Church in Norway. Kaj Munk took up his pen and wrote:

"I shall not only disobey the circular, but I act in direct contradiction to it. . . . I feel myself in very close association with my Norwegian brother clergy, both because they are Norwegian and because they are brother clergy. They are fighting a battle for the same ideals as those for which I have sworn to fight. If out of fear of human beings I now retire and take up the position of passive spectator, I should feel that I was a criminal against my Christian belief. . . . It is better to have a Denmark in opposition to Germany than my opposition to our Lord Jesus Christ.

"If the Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs does not take immediate steps to recall this ill-considered circular, I shall be forced to get into touch with all my brother clergy to fix up a Sunday on which to hold a common Christian demonstration in support of our dear and heroic brother Church in Norway."

Thus did Kaj Munk speak with the true voice of Freedom; thus did he show his contempt for all who would "collaborate," even passively, with the enemies of his country and his Church.

Now, at last, Kaj Munk is silent. But though something is rotten in the state of Denmark, the voice of Freedom is still more than a whisper, and the day will soon come when it will resound in triumph.

BEDTIME CORNER

Who Opened the Sheep Gate?

You could never guess what young rascals they were to look at them.

One morning, when Alan said, "What shall we do?" Margaret said at once, "Let's open the gate and let the sheep out. It'll be such fun; it won't be found out for ever



so long, and then they'll have strayed all over the place."

Alan roared with laughter at the idea, but he didn't seem in a hurry to carry it out.

It was some days after that that Daddie came into lunch looking very grave.

"Someone has unfastened

the gate of the big meadow," he said, "and let the sheep out. They've been searching for hours, and quite a lot are still missing. Do you know anything about it, Alan?"

Alan glanced quickly across at where Margaret usually sat, but Margaret's place was empty.

Alan looked down at his plate and made no reply.

"As you don't seem able to deny it, I must assume that you do," his father went on. "Come to my study."

As Alan came out he ran into Margaret. She caught hold of his arm.

"You might have told me," she said reproachfully, "and let me share the fun!"

"I didn't do it!" he stammered. "I thought it was you!"

"Me?" Margaret cried. "But it wasn't!" She thought a moment; then she added, "And you took the blame and said nothing! Oh, Alan, you are a brick! I'll go and tell Daddie!"

And so she did. What Daddie said to her she never told; but for quite a week after both she and Alan were the best children you could ever hope to meet.

Trans-Atlantic Friendships

THE making of closer bonds between America and the British Empire is a cause near to our hearts, and therefore we gladly pass on a request from The Pen Friends Club sponsored by the English-Speaking Union of the United States. They wish to have more names and addresses of British children who would like to correspond with American pen friends, boy or girl, as desired.

The English-Speaking Union and the Office of War Information both feel that this contact between the children tends to cement a friendship between our respective countries by a more intimate understanding of each other. The children's ages range from ten to seventeen, and the letters from England are allotted according to mutual interests as much as possible, as well as age.

The C N sincerely hopes that many of its young readers will grasp this opportunity of helping to bring the two nations even closer to each other, of widening the mutual sympathy that happily already exists. It was the late E. V. Lucas who called letter-writing the Gentlest Art, and we can think of no aspect of it which can yield a richer harvest of friendship.

All our young readers who are interested should write to the English-Speaking Union, Suite 1526, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

A Doubtful Joy

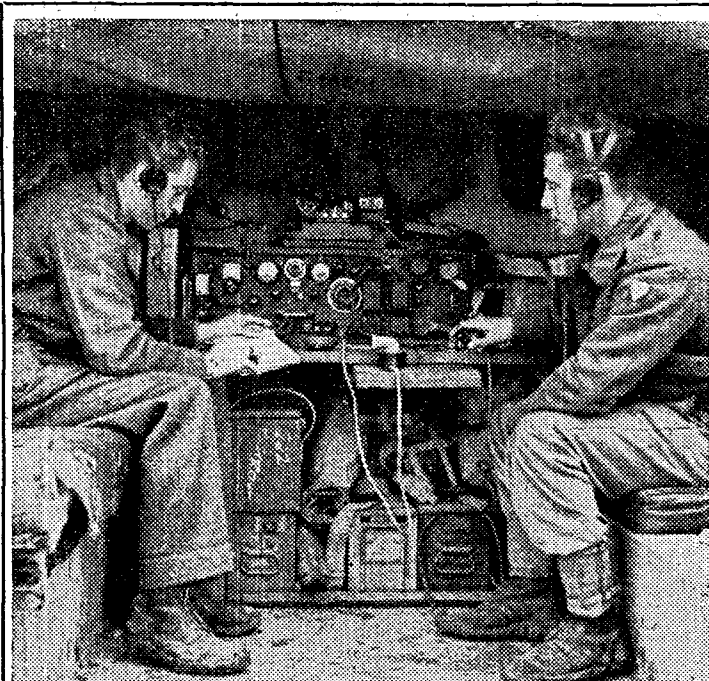
Young people now back at school may possibly have wished that their weeks of holiday had equalled the length of the old Greek week, which comprised ten days, or even the Roman, which was of eight days. The advantage, however, is more apparent than real, for the Greek month had only three weeks. Moreover, once departed from home, the boarding scholar would have to face a succession of ten-day weeks before returning to the joys of family and leisure. Do what we may Time has its way in the end.

Nobody knows by whom the day and night were divided into 24 hours, the hour into 60 minutes, and the minute into 60 seconds, but it seems certain that the ancient Egyptians were the first to make seven days the week. They dedicated two days to the sun and the moon, and the remainder were given the names of five planets.

To secure a long week nowadays we should have to go to Africa, where in certain parts eight days take the place of our seven. There is no question of paying homage to the planets in that scheme; market-days are the basis of the African week.

LONDON TO LONDON

Clubland in Walworth witnessed a pleasant gathering on a recent Saturday. Canadians in London invited past and present Clublanders to tea, and to dance to the music of a Canadian band. After tea the Canadians were presented with a foundation stone from Clubland, and this stone from London, England, will be taken to London, Canada, for the New Chapel in Ontario.



Radio For the Gunners

Signallers with the Eighth Army taking down messages in the radio-communication truck, which maintains a link between the guns and the forward observation post.

A HOLD-UP FOR THE EIGHTH

BEFORE saying farewell to them,

General Montgomery reminded his Eighth Army of some of their exploits together. He told them how for two or three days before the culminating triumph in Tunisia, with the capture of the German and Italian armies, our forces were in grave danger. After their long career of conquest from Alamein westward they were suddenly called upon to stand on the defensive, and, he said, everybody had forgotten how to fight a defensive battle!

Yet then, as so often before, the British soldier proved his skill in defence, a defence that led to victory.

In the early years of the First Great War the fathers of our heroes of today had to play an almost entirely defensive role. In those days our experts declared that they wished that for such a part we had the Russians, instead of the French at our side. The

French, they said, for dash of attack, but the Russians, with ourselves, for defence.

Napoleon, reviewing the battle of Waterloo, as he went again and again over the incidents of that memorable battle, thought our army the best of all, whatever the nature of its duties at the moment. "It was the good discipline of the English," he said, "that gained the day. They could advance thirty yards, halt, fire, go back, fire, and come forward again thirty yards without breaking their line, without any disorder."

It was the happy fortune of General Montgomery to discover in that climax of difficulty and danger that the qualities admired in our men by Napoleon survive undimmed in our ranks today, with the same high virtues developed not only in men born in the Motherland but in their kinsmen from the wider horizons of the Dominions.

Charlemagne Had a Better New Order

THE Nazis, who never scrupled to smash and burn and destroy while they believed Goering's assurance that there could be no retaliation from the air, are now loud in complaint against the latest "barbarism" of the R A F. Attacking Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, as it is better known, our airmen, they say, have damaged irreplaceable monuments of its great Emperor Charlemagne. But the Germans of 1943 have done much more damage to the things Charles the Great cherished than we have.

Ruthless indeed was this huge Frank, who became so renowned that Haroun-al-Raschid of Baghdad sent envoys to do him honour. In one single day in 782 he killed no fewer than 4500 Saxon prisoners of war to avenge a Saxon victory over his own forces. But those were savage times in Europe, and Charlemagne was building a great empire which eventually extended from the borders of what

is now Denmark to the heart of Spain.

Charlemagne, even in his most savage mood, never approached the senseless savagery of Hitler. On the contrary, he succeeded in creating a New Order in a warring continent, and he did it not merely by force of arms, but by developing arts, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture. He made his subjects cultivate many kinds of fruit trees till then unknown in northern Europe. He employed brilliant architects and craftsmen to build noble palaces. He established firm government, he called scholars like Alcuin of York to his Court from all parts. He himself was learned in Latin and Greek, and even tried to write a grammar of the Frankish tongue.

A strong ruler, he was not a tyrant. His aim was to bring culture and Christianity into wild and heathen places. And he did it.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

Mercury and a Comet in the Morning Sky

THE Moon will pass between the Earth and the Sun on Tuesday next, January 25, and there will occur a total eclipse of the Sun, but, as observed from Britain, only an exceedingly small portion of the Sun may be seen obscured, writes the C N Astronomer.

Observers in Southern England will notice only about one-fiftieth of the Sun's disc obscured by the Moon, and still less will be seen from farther north. Moreover, the eclipse begins about 5.30 p.m. (Summer Time), and ends a few minutes later when the Sun sets. So for all practicable purposes of observation nothing is likely to be seen. It will be otherwise, however, in more southern latitudes, while across Brazil and the Atlantic to Africa the Sun will appear totally eclipsed, and almost so over a wide area of South America.

It should be possible to see Mercury in the early morning sky during the next two weeks; that is, if the south-east sky is clear almost to the horizon. As Mercury will appear for part of the time not far from the brilliant Venus, she will thus act as a guide to the locating of the much less brilliant Mercury. He rises in the south-east soon after 7 o'clock, and remains at a very low altitude during next week, but reaches to a higher altitude and much nearer to Venus during the following week.

Mercury will appear to be at his nearest to Venus during the first week in February, when he should be found a little way to the left of and at a lower altitude than Venus. After that Mercury will quickly travel away eastward, to be lost in the Sun's morning rays as he speeds away from us. The presence of the crescent Moon not far from Venus on the mornings of January 20 to 23 will add to the beauty of the scene.

The new comet that has been discovered in the little constellation of Sobieski's Shield is now in the early morning sky, appear-

ing not far above Venus; but at present it is too faint to be perceived without telescopic aid. However, the comet is speeding north-westward, and so into a better position for observation when it becomes brighter, and most probably develops into an interesting naked-eye object later on. Last year's Comet Whipple did not provide the spectacle anticipated, but this new visitor, discovered by the astronomer Peltier, may do so.

This generation is still awaiting a fine cometary spectacle, one of the class known as Great Comets with heads almost as bright as Venus and tails spreading over the sky like searchlight beams. On an average, four to five Great Comets appear every century, but so far only one has visited our skies during this century, and only very few people saw that specimen. It was known as the great "daylight comet" and appeared in January 1910. When seen it was so close to the Sun that it could only be observed in daylight, preferably at sunset when, as the writer saw it, the comet appeared as a splendid radiant plume ascending almost vertically into the sky above where the Sun had just set.

For only a few days was the grand spectacle presented, and clouds spoiled most of them while the Great Comet whirled round the Sun and then sped off into distant space, not to return for some thousands of years. This Great Comet of 1910 had a tail at one time 9 million miles long. It is not to be confused with Halley's Comet, which also appeared, later, in 1910. Halley's is a periodic comet with a definite orbit within the Solar System; it will return about 1985. G. F. M.

The Greatest Adventure

WHEN Sir William Beveridge speaks the nation, very rightly and very sensibly, pays wholehearted attention; and when he spoke specially to youth the other day youth very sensibly sat up and took notice.

It was at the conference organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, and Sir William Beveridge was explaining his famous Report to schoolboys and schoolgirls.

Sir William spoke of security as the greatest adventure in history, and said that it was nonsense to talk of want being necessary to produce adventure. Adventure came not from the half-starved, but from those very full of beans.

All his proposals, bringing in everybody, rich and poor, were a combination of high aim and practical means of accomplishing them. Adventure was doing something that had never been done before, something which would be called a Utopian dream.

Sir William Beveridge said that young people should be both Utopian and practical; and he asked them to dedicate themselves to this great new adventure of security, and to make the world of tomorrow safe for the things of the spirit.

MODERN MARTHAS

Two ladies at Capel-le-Ferne, a tiny village on the cliffs near Dover, have finished a remarkable task they undertook some years ago.

They then offered to keep the little church clean and to carry out other duties in connection with its work. They invested their wages in the Post Office Savings Bank, devoting the money first to the installation of an organ and then to the paying-off of the church's debt. Now one of the ladies has retired, but they can boast that not once in all the years—not even during the blackout and periods when roads were blocked with snow—have they missed lighting and heating their church.

The Lordly Sea Mouse

THE story has just been made known of how the British submarine Undaunted entered the harbour of Bari in the Adriatic Sea, rounded up eight Italian merchant ships, and, in spite of the hazard of German submarines and warplanes, shepherded them off to Malta. It recalls an amusing story of the 1914-18 war, also from the Adriatic.

During that war, even though we had the French Navy with us throughout and the Italian later, there was always a triple danger in the Mediterranean. There were U-boats, which were terribly destructive; there were widely sown mines; and there was the Austrian Navy operating from various Adriatic ports. This was indeed a formidable sea force, including 16 battleships, 83 destroyers and torpedo boats, and a large flotilla of submarines.

We had, therefore, to send out a number of small British craft that we could ill spare to sweep the mines, to help in chasing enemy submarines, and to make themselves generally useful. Marvellously well these drifters and trawlers did their work.

A Startled Naturalist

While making a hide-out for watching birds on a lonely farm in Buckinghamshire, a 15-year-old boy was attacked by a strange looking animal which darted out of a clump of rushes.

The animal, which the boy killed, was later identified as a Coypu Rat, a South American rodent. It is believed to be one that escaped from captivity in Henley during 1935.

The coypu lives mainly on water plants, is about three feet long, and has a valuable reddish-brown fur called nutria. At present there are about a dozen in the London Zoo.

THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES

DON MANUEL QUEZON, President of the Philippine Islands, is a brave little man, brave and loyal and far-seeing. He is an optimist too, not because he has recently said that "Philippine independence will be proclaimed not later than 1946," or because he has scorned to deal with the Japs, but because by "independence" he means just what he says.

Quezon, a cultured, shrewd, and idealistic Filipino and a real patriot, has faith in President Roosevelt and in American democracy. He knows that the Philippines will need American help and guidance after the war, but he is determined, and has made it plain, that he means to set his compatriots on their own feet, to make their own way, and perhaps their own mistakes. That he does not intend to let the grass grow under those same feet is evident from the fact that he has chosen certain men from his Cabinet, now in Washington, to proceed to General MacArthur's headquarters in the south-west Pacific, so that they may be on the spot to take over administration again as soon as the Japs have been cleared out. Quezon intends that the first work of rebuilding the Philippines shall be done by Filipino leaders.

America has dealt very wisely with the Philippines, her biggest and one of her first essays in overseas empire. Taking them from Spain at the close of the last century, she found herself faced with difficult and costly native revolts. But America was patient, building up a firm but

sympathetic occupation force and sending out competent administrators. The great MacArthur himself "graduated" in the Philippines, and it is largely due to Americans of his stamp that the islands retained their loyalty to the U.S. in the face of the Japanese onset, and that the fighting men of Filipino stock fought so splendidly at Bataan and Corregidor in those first months after Pearl Harbour. But much is also due to Quezon.

When the islands became a Commonwealth in 1935, Quezon was elected as their first President in September, took office in the following November, and thereafter worked steadily and ardently to secure the complete independence which had been promised. The Japs have also promised "independence" to Laurel, the quivering puppet-president whom they have installed in Manila; but the people know what Japanese ideas of their "independence" amount to.

Quezon, however, is a man of the future, and the New East is producing many such men in these exciting days of ours. America recognises him as a true and loyal friend, with 13 million friends of America behind him.



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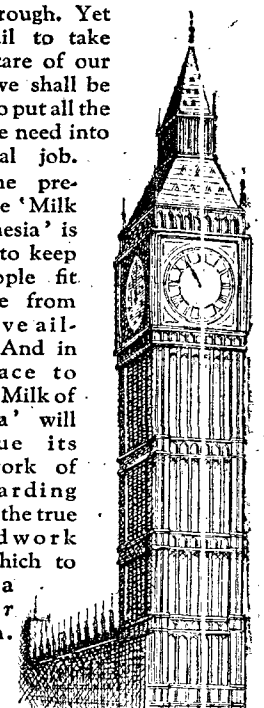


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Apologies to customers unable to obtain BASSETT'S—due to Zoning

The BRAN TUB

UNFAIR ADVANTAGE

"OH, do try to talk a little common sense," shouted a heckler at a rather stormy meeting.

"That would be taking unfair advantage of you," replied the speaker quietly.

The Fearless Barber

A BARBER who lived in Batavia was known for his fearless behavior.

An enormous baboon

Broke in his saloon.

But he murmured, "I'm blessed if I'll shavie."

Jacko Goes A-Riding in the Mud



A THAW had set in, and everywhere was a mixture of snow and slush and mud. But no weather conditions can keep Jacko at bay for long, and having shod his donkey with some queer snow-shoes he set out on a journey to Town. Neddy trotted along gaily with his feet fairly dry and a smile as broad as Jacko's; but everybody had to keep well out of the way as they splashed along in muddy but triumphant progress.

The Crab That Climbs

THE robber-crab of the Pacific Islands climbs trees and eats coconuts which it strips of their fibre and then breaks open by hammering on one end with its huge pincers, or claws.

Nature News

FLOWERS to look for in late January are the crocus, dandelion, shepherd's purse, the red dead-nettle, and sometimes even its white sister, though this wild plant usually blossoms later. Lambs in the fields and the cheerful chirping of the house sparrow seem to promise that spring is really on its way.

HIDDEN FISH

The name of a fish is hidden in the following sentences. Do you know what they are?

BE calmer, O aching heart!

I have seen dogs push a door open.

Let's have a good frolic, O do, dear father!

Our teacher rings the bell five minutes too soon.

Decatur bothered the Algerines more than once.

Place the crowbar below the log to raise it.

Answer next week

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts from Wednesday, January 19, to Tuesday, January 25, inclusive.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Yes, but today is Tuesday—a story by J. D. Aiken; followed by Gramophone Records. 5.50 The Name Above Every Name—by Laurens Sargent.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Fiddlers of Strathspey—a play by Elizabeth Kyle.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Two piano medleys, played by Violet Carson and Muriel Levy; followed by Pencil and Paper—puzzles, questions, and catches, by P. Caton Baddeley. 5.40 Petrushka—Spike Hughes tells the story of the famous ballet, with musical illustrations.

SATURDAY, 5.20 The Swish of the Curtain—radio entertainment by

GOLDEN EAGLE

THE Golden Eagle, the most majestic of our British birds, is very rarely seen in England, though it nests in the Scottish Highlands and in the Western Isles. It soars to a great height, and pounces down on hares, rabbits, and sometimes on lambs. It has even been known to carry off a fawn.

Jumbled Battles

If the letters of each of the following phrases are properly rearranged they spell the names of five famous battles of the present war:

A TIN RIB
IN A SUIT
A MALE LINE
RELIVE PART
DARLING SAT

Answer next week

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

"We are trying to decide," said two wags to a third, "whether you are a fool or a knave."

"That's easily settled," replied the object of their discussion, stepping between them. "I am neither the one nor the other, but, as you see, just between the two."

His Handicap

AN Eagle remarked to an airman,

"I'll admit that for speed you're a rare man;

But to use a propeller

To outfly a feller

Who on feathers relies isn't fair, man!"

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south, and Jupiter is the south-east. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at

7.30 a.m. on Saturday, January 22.

A Cure For Damp Cupboards

IN cupboards which are damp boots and shoes, and even clothes, will become mouldy. To prevent this and to keep the air dry put some lumps of unslaked lime into a pail and stand this in the cupboard. After a few weeks the lime becomes damp or even semi-liquid, and a fresh amount will be needed.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 You do this now. 5 A chasm. 8 King of beasts. 9 Leg wear. 10 Half-brother of the Conqueror. 11 To wash lightly. 12 Marriage. 14 A tattered cloth. 17 High military rank. 20 Set this to catch a mackerel. 22 A woodman's tool. 23 Formal. 24 Two-masted vessel. 25 That, in the poetic sense. 26 Considers.

Reading Down. 1 What the wintry winds do. 2 Duck yielding useful down. 3 Beneficial. 4 Preposition. 5 Percussion instrument. 6 Donkey. 7 A nobleman. 9 The joint on which a door turns. 11 Laughing. 13 A matter of imagination. 15 An established principle. 16 To spot. 17 A forced smile. 18 Scarce. 19 Four for dogs, but two for birds. 21 Professional (abbrev). 24 To have a real state or existence.

YOU DON'T SAY SO!

"I CAN'T go straight," said the corkscrew.

"I'm a bit of a bore," said the gimlet.

"I'm a sharp fellow," said the knife.

"I come to the point," said the pin.

"I smooth matters down," said the plane.

"Life's all ups and downs," said the lift.

"I'm all write," said the pencil.

"I'm often sat on," said the chair.

"I'm going on strike," said the clock.

"So am I," said the match.

"I live in stirring times," said the spoon.

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Children's Newspaper, 8/5/43

How to shift a Stubborn Cold

That beastly cough which simply won't go—here's the way to get rid of it. There's an old-fashioned recipe which has grown so popular that chemists everywhere are keeping it made up, bottled and ready for use. It's the "Parmint" recipe.

One dose of this Parmint Syrup will ease the most stubborn cough. A few more will start to clear it right away. Just try it and see. It's grand for children too. Quite safe and with a flavour kiddies positively like.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle including tax.

NOTE.—If you want to make it up yourself, ask for a 1 oz. bottle of the Parmint Concentrated Essences (price 3/11). It is even more economical that way.

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